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Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	Kill la Kill
Relationship:	Mankanshoku Mako/Matoi Ryuuko
Character:	Matoi Ryuko, Mankanshoku Mako, Senketsu (mentioned)
Additional Tags:	2nd person POV, idk why i wrote this in second person it just felt right, to be honest i don't really know what's going on in this fic but there's a lot of fire metaphors, And angst, mako has deep thoughts
Language:	English
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fire

by mistyheartrbs

Summary

You suppose she's a bit like fire.

Notes

Please review!

You suppose she's a bit like fire. Beautiful, warm, devastating. Red, red flames dancing in the moonlight, daring, tempting you to come closer. There is nothing you want more than to come closer to the flames, to know everything that's happened within the fire, to feel her warmth, but you know that moving too close, getting too attached, will only leave you burned and scarred, her name forever branded on your heart. You don't think that this is going to stop you, though. You're known as "utterly incomprehensible," this definitely won't stop you.

Besides, you've seen firsthand what she can do, corrupted and screeching. She tried to kill you then, you won't forget that. The wedding chapel was gray and cold and dead. She had been put out, if only for a little while. You know that you'd rather have the fire any day, even if you're terrified of getting too close to the flames.

It's not like she's never been hurt. As much as you'd like to think that, as much as you'd like to pretend that she's one of those too-good-to-be-true girls of romance novels - she seems like that, sometimes; soul set alight, crookedly smiling, it looks like she doesn't have a trouble in the world.

You're not dumb, you know that's not true. You've seen her speaking in pained, rough tones about her father. You helplessly watched someone she loved - someone you never quite understood, but someone who meant the world to her - burn to ashes, gone forever. You still hear her crying over him, sometimes. You know that there's a little part of her that's still convinced that she's a monster.

You suppose she's a tired flame, still recovering, still living, still rising and falling. Still burning, sometimes flickering, sometimes blazing with the strength of a thousand stars. You don't want to tame her fire. All you really want, you suppose, is to touch the fire without getting burned.

fin.

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